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The Evening World.
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WHERE LABOR CHEATS ITSELF.

"ONLY what is produced by the combined efforts of capital and labor can be divided between them." This, asserts J. Philip Bird of the National Association of Manufacturers, is "the fundamental lesson that must be driven home to all the people of the country and particularly to organized labor."

It would be worth all it cost to send forth ten thousand clear-headed men with convincing tongues to spread this lesson throughout the length and breadth of the United States.

Wherever higher wages and shorter hours have meant decreased production, labor has been cutting down its own returns. You can't find more in the cupboard to take out if you put less in.

The most dangerous fallacy abroad at present, as The Evening World has pointed out, is the notion that out of war and economic upheaval has come a huge legacy of more ease and higher pay for all workers who are insistent enough in demanding their share. This theory may not be definitely formulated and expressed. But thousands and tens of thousands are acting upon it, nevertheless.

It is the direct opposite of the truth. The only legacy war has left is a legacy of colossal waste and destruction, which can only be made good by hard work and an unprecedented maximum of production.

Present prosperity based on higher wages and lowered production is no true or lasting prosperity. It is a prosperity restricted, temporary, insecure, because neither distributed nor self-supporting. It is an economic fool's paradise.

Capital and labor wrangle over what each shall receive. Can't they see they are fighting over a pile of gold that constantly diminishes and contains less for each unless both work to make it bigger? They can't go on dividing more except as they produce more. And neither can produce more without the other.

Can't labor see that it cheats itself wherever it takes without doing its share to replenish?

New York's Great White Way is perturbed over the prospect of lightless nights. A coal famine could be faced with courage and calm if the consequent suffering were confined to a metropolitan theatre district where the present spending power of amusement seekers puts the price of theatre tickets on high luxury levels.

THE NOTE TO MEXICO.

WHAT Secretary Lansing emphasizes in his note to the Mexican Government demanding the immediate release of Consular Agent Jenkins is the "wilful indifference to the feelings of the American people" shown by the Mexican Government's studied action in allowing Jenkins the benefit of no doubt even under Mexican law, but, on the contrary, putting itself deliberately in the position of "prosecuting the victim instead of the perpetrators of the crime."

The purpose of it all is pointedly laid bare in the American note:

> **In the first place, to divert the attention of the American public and the American Government, and indeed of Mexicans themselves, from the actual situation, namely, that Puebla, the capital of the State of Puebla, and perhaps the second largest city in Mexico, is without adequate protection from outlaws who infest the immediate neighborhood and who are accustomed openly and freely to visit the city without hindrance; that by the failure to furnish adequate protection in this district the Mexican authorities have, through their negligence, made possible the abduction of Jenkins, and that in harmony with such an attitude on the part of the Mexican authorities they have failed to carry out the duty and obligation incumbent upon them to apprehend and punish the bandits concerned in the crime of which Jenkins was the victim.**

To attempt to conceal weakness and inadequacy behind bluster and proud talk, to try to cover indifference as to the safety of Americans in Mexico with clumsy diplomatic protests couched in terms of sullen patriotism, or to seek to change the subject by parading pretended grievances—all these devices of the Carranza Government were long since as familiar to the United States as the barking of a neighbor's dog.

Uncle Sam has been a very patient man, but his patience has limits.

The new Industrial Conference sits behind closed doors in order to be free "to think aloud." If only the Conference will think to some purpose the country can cheerfully wait awhile outside.

THE LADDER.

COUNT OKUMA, former Premier of Japan and head of Waseda University, a democratic educational institution which he founded, had wise words to say in a recent address in Tokio concerning the League of Nations:

> "The spirit of peace has made the greatest progress since the war. The fourteen points of President Wilson, for example, upon which the League of Nations is based, are but a step forward toward the realization of the great ideal of the President, and this may be greatly modified when realized. The road to an ideal has many turns. I am not satisfied with the League, but we can make it the ladder wherewith to ascend to better international relations."

In other words, it is worth while to keep climbing toward the goal even when the latter cannot be reached in one jump. How like the confident optimism and progressiveness of the Lodge political philosophy!

When Lady Astor is present at a sitting of the House of Commons, what about the time-honored custom which permits male members to keep their hats on when not addressing the Speaker or the House?

"Stop Playing Politics"

By J. H. Cassel

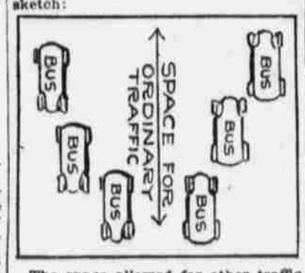
From Evening World Readers

Why Fifth Avenue Is Jammed With Traffic.

New York, Nov. 29, 1919.

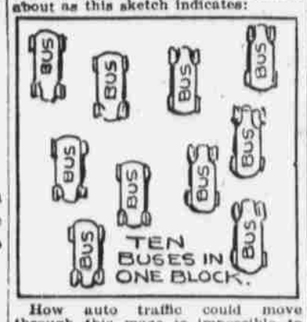
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Fifth Avenue between the hours of 5 and 6.30 P. M. is blocked from 23d Street to 60th. Traffic moves at a snail's pace. Fully three-quarters of an hour is required to cover this distance. The Police Department seemingly is doing nothing to solve the problem. It requires only ordinary sight to discover the reason for most of the trouble. The fact is the buses practically monopolize the street. Only Friday I counted six buses abreast in the block between 37th and 38th, running as indicated in this sketch:



The space allowed for other traffic was not sufficient for two cars to pass.

In the block between 43d and 44th Streets I counted ten buses, running about as this sketch indicates:



How auto traffic could move through this maze is impossible to conceive. Either this traffic should be confined to single lines—with no bus permitted to pass another moving in the same direction—or Fifth Avenue should be reserved strictly for the buses. Imagine street cars being permitted to roam at will about streets instead of being confined to straight line rails! The confusion would be no worse than that on Fifth Avenue with the buses unrestricted.

And why should private cars be permitted to park at the curb in the zone indicated between the hours named? How can traffic move under such conditions?

HELD UP EVERY DAY.

A Bonus for Soldiers.

Northport, L. I., Nov. 29, 1919.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I would like to say the same about the bonus bill as you say about the treaty. Why wait till 1920 to pass the bonus bill for soldiers? Give them the bonus when they need it, and also make it a certain amount for every month in service, not six months' pay for all soldiers who were in the army for one month or two years, which is not a fair deal for the soldiers. SOLDIER.

Need "the Four Minute Men" Once More.

New York, Dec. 1, 1919.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Again and again have I read in your column, "Letters From the People," this same vital question of the hour—"Bolshevism, and how it involves our foreign born."

The business men must again apply their wonderful educational campaign as they have done against Kaiserism, which had been defeated with the aid of the "Four Minute Men," who inspired the foreign born and taught them the truth how the war was started and why the United States went into it. You can therefore readily see that if another campaign of this kind is begun against Bolshevism it will be a thousand times easier to defeat the element that lies within our doors than it was to fight Kaiserism 2,000 miles away.

Thanks for your wonderful editorials in favor of the League of Nations, for it is aiding the individual who depends on a paper like yours to voice the public's opinion.

J. A. R.

To Curb Rent Profiteers.

New York, Dec. 1, 1919.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Allow me to offer what I think would be a simple and effective method to curb those rapacious vultures of the human family who in these extraordinary days are the greatest breeders of Bolshevism and anarchy in our midst, namely the "Gouging Rent Profiteers." To exterminate this nefarious and detestable brood nothing more is needed than the co-operation of the New York Bar Association. The remedy for this evil is simply this: Let the New York Bar Association, by resolution, state that

"No member of this association can appear in any court to plead or hold a brief for any gouging rent profiteer under penalty of dismissal from the association with consequent disbarment from practice."

The question is: Is the New York Bar Association big enough, broad enough, public spirited enough to tackle this serious problem that menaces their fellow citizens in this enlightened age and community? I again confidently state they shall not and will not fail us in this dire extremity.

Recently in the Municipal Court, before Justice Robitzek, a case was heard in which the landlord brought eviction proceedings against several of his tenants whose rent he desired to raise from $23 to $45 and from $28 to $50. The attorney for the landlord disputed the right of the court to adjust the matter. Yet this same attorney would no doubt denounce any laymen who defies the courts as a Bolshevist. M. J. LENNARD.

The Poor Horse And Citizen Duty

By Sophie Irene Loeb

Every One of Us Has the Power to Protect Dumb Creatures From Brutality, and It Is a Power We Should Use Frequently

A FEW days ago, in crossing Park Row, I noticed a driver beating a horse unmercifully.

I called to him and asked him to stop hitting the animal. He laughed at me in a bloating manner, and called, tauntingly, "I'll kill him if I want to, that's what I'll do."

And he suited action to his words by a few more lashes.

I could feel the blood mounting to my cheeks and something rise in me—something of primaeval instinct—a keen desire to lash him in like manner.

I knew I could not do this, but I had another alternative. I rushed to the policeman on the corner and begged him to follow the driver and have him arrested.

As the policeman had not seen the actual beating of the horse, he informed me that I would have to go to the nearest police station at once.

I hurriedly agreed to this, urging him to run after the man, which he did.

The officer immediately ordered the driver to go to the police station, which was a few blocks away, and I proceeded with the officer to this place.

A little crowd had gathered, and although I resented the gaze of the curious, I felt the importance of the cause and paid no attention, except to the task I had at hand.

Arriving at the police station, I made my complaint and it meant either jail or bail for the driver.

He was very bold and brazen at first and denied my statement. He also had a pal on the seat with him who was willing to attest to denial.

I then made up my mind to go through with it and see whom the court would believe.

The young man then proceeded to try to get bail from his employer, but seemed to have difficulty over the telephone in doing this.

He then began to realize the situation. He changed his tune and began to plead for mercy. He told me he had just returned from the army and had a grandmother to take care of, &c.

To make a long story short, he admitted the truth of my statement and begged to be given another chance and pleaded for me not to press the charge.

Realized Seriousness of Offense.

I talked the matter over with his employer over the telephone, who agreed with me as to his wrong, and I realized that he would get "all that was coming to him" before he was through with the matter.

The seriousness of it all was apparent to him before he left the police station when a promise from him and an assurance of vigilance of his employer finally induced me to give him another chance.

As we left the station, I looked at my watch, and it was less than half an hour from the time I called the officer until the driver had a lesson that I think will stand him in good stead.

He realized that he could be apprehended for such an act—and quickly. It never dawned upon him before that an ordinary citizen could stop him right then and there and take him to a police station and have the matter proceed against him.

I am only citing the above as an example of what any person can do in less than half an hour toward stopping the mistreatment of dumb animals and seeing that the offender is punished.

If I had pursued the case it might have taken another hour of my time to have appeared before the Judge, but it would have been worth while, in my judgment, to spend an hour and a half or two hours even in our busy lives, in the interest of some suffering animal, for it is certainly in the line of public spirit and securing rights for creatures who cannot speak for themselves.

Many times in these columns I have printed letters from people who solicit interest in measures against cruelty to animals. Here is one way in which the individual may play his part toward this end. By taking just a little of his time and thus apprehending the transgressor, inestimable good may be accomplished.

As soon as the cruel driver realizes that every citizen is policing the job of protecting the dumb creatures, just so soon will he hesitate before he uses the whip.

ABHORRED BY PRINTERS

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S handwriting was so illegible that some of his manuscripts remained unpublished because nobody could read them. This was likewise true of Carlyle. The story is told of a type compositor who was employed by a London printing office because of a strong recommendation which he brought from Scotland. The first piece of manuscript given him to set was by Carlyle.

"My heavens!" said the new typesetter. "Have you got that man here too? I fled from Scotland to avoid him."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Love Stories Of Great Novels

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 19—"SAPHO." By Alphonse Daudet.

HE had come to Paris from the South of France to prepare himself for a diplomatic career. He had come to the capital with high hopes of fitting himself for a snug berth in the consular service. In the distance lurked visions of becoming a great Ambassador some day.

His name was Jean Gaussin, and he was only twenty-one—fresh, clever, unspoiled. One night, at a riotous masquerade ball, he met a woman older than himself, but still fascinating. She called herself "Fanny Legrand." In the studio world of the Latin Quarter she was better known by the nickname of "Sapho."

Fanny was strangely attracted by the clean and handsome lad. And the interest of this popular woman of the world flattered Jean. He escorted her home from the dance. The apartment was on the fifth floor of a ramshackle building, with no means of reaching it except by a steep spiral staircase.

Half in a joke, Jean offered to carry the tired girl up the four winding flights. She did not believe he had the strength for such an exploit. To prove how strong he was and to impress her with his prowess, Jean caught her in his arms and started up the first flight. He found the climb exhilarating. One of Fanny's earrings pressed lotly against his hot cheek.

Flight after flight of the spiral stair he climbed, carrying her. And at every step her weight was heavier, until Jean was almost fainting with fatigue. The earring no longer pressed his cheek with a pleasant coolness. It cut into his flesh like a knife. His arms ached. He was sick with weariness. He staggered up the few final steps out of breath and half dead. Then, setting her down, and dizzy from the tremendous effort, he muttered:

Feats of Strength Did Not Win Love.

"At last!"

But Fanny, who had enjoyed the novel sensation of being carried all the way upstairs, murmured regretfully:

"So soon?"

That stair-climbing episode was an example of their whole love affair. The romance which began so delightfully for the country youth grew daily more and more wearisome to him until it wrecked his life and his hopes. Fanny, on the other hand, was smugly happy in the belief of his love, and had not the brain nor the heart to realize she was ruining his character as well as his cherished career.

He let his best chances in the consular service slip by while he dawdled in Paris at Fanny's side. He estranged himself from his family on her account. And all the while she was as complacently content as when he had been risking apoplexy by carrying her up those steep and endless stairs.

She Deserted Him for Ex-Convict.

At length, after he had tried in vain to free himself from Fanny's influence, he decided that their lives must go on together, at whatever cost to himself. Declining a splendid consular appointment, he obtained the position of Consul to an obscure town in Peru, where there could be no future for him, but where he and Fanny coud live out their lives together far from the world he had thrown away for her sake.

Then, when he had made this supreme sacrifice of his ambitions, he turned his back resolutely on the glorious career that might have been his and prepared to bury himself, with Fanny, in the Peru town.

But even this resource was denied him—for, on the very eve of his departure for Peru, the woman deserted him for an ex-convict whom she had loved in former days.

She sent him a curt letter, telling him of her decision to throw him over for the earlier sweetheart, then vanished forever from his life—after she had made that life worthless.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

The Present Opulence of Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl, Is Apparent to Mr. Jarr.

"I'D do it!" remarked Mrs. Jarr aloud, as she roused up from her reveries, "I'd do it if I had the clothes!"

"Do what?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Go to the opera?"

"Go to the opera?" repeated Mrs. Jarr. "Why, I can't even think of evening dresses, let alone an opera cloak and jewels. No, I was only thinking of some plain everyday clothes—but everything is so expensive, even in street dresses, and the cost of furs this season, that even taking up charity work is out of the question."

"Charity work?" echoed Mr. Jarr.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Jarr, "every woman that has nice clothes tries to bring some comfort to the poor when the Christmas holidays approach. Look at all the drives for this charity fund and that. Every one of them has fashionable women as patronesses, and, you can say what you please, they do a lot of good. Mrs. Stryver's clothes, just for charity affairs alone, cost her a fortune, and she can afford to be a patroness. And when you're a patroness you don't have to buy tickets—you make your friends buy them."

"What is on dit in philanthropy in fashionable circles now?" asked Mr. Jarr.

Funds and Drives.

"Oh, lots of things," said Mrs. Jarr. "Funds for college professors and everything. At this time of year we must bring holiday cheer to the poor. Mrs. Stryver wants me to join the Friends of the Friendless and Mrs. Kittingly asked me to help with her favorite charity—the Lend-a-Hand Ladies' Aid—which is placing sanitary drinking cups in penal institutions."

"Anything else?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Why, yes," was the reply. "Clara Mudridge-Smith is an ardent worker for the Prevention of Poverty Society. She visits around among the poor and shows them how to prepare modified milk for their babies. Every one I know, except myself, has nice clothes to go around and do good among the poor—but I can't afford it!"

"If that's the case, why not have your friends come around here and do good among us? We are poor enough, goodness knows."

"I wish you wouldn't talk that way," said Mrs. Jarr, peevishly. "I don't like to find fault, but I wish you had more family pride. I felt like going through the floor when I heard you tell the Stryvers how the automobile had impoverished your Uncle Ben who was a horse doctor."

"Well, he is a horse doctor, isn't he?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"You could have said veterinary surgeon," asserted Mrs. Jarr. "It sounds more refined. If you must talk about your male relatives when our friends are present why don't you speak about your uncle who is a Judge and your father's cousin who is a Senator in Washington?"

"My uncle, the Judge?" repeated Mr. Jarr. "Why, that old rascal isn't a real Judge; he was only a horse race judge for once, and got kicked out of the judges' stand at the Steuben County Agricultural Fair for rank decisions!"

"Well, you could speak of the Senator in Washington then."

Old Family Skeletons.

"I'm afraid I'll have to destroy your illusion regarding the Senator, too," said Mr. Jarr, grimly. "The only office he ever held in Congress was assistant janitor, and he lost his job because of malfeasance in office. He stole brass cuspidors and sold them to a junkman!"

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "I tell you to stop! And one thing more: When I speak of our family after this I shall only speak of my side of the family!"

"Your family has its false alarms, too," replied Mr. Jarr a little hotly. "There's your cousin Ralph, who"—

"We will not discuss my cousin Ralph, if you please," interrupted Mrs. Jarr coldly. "Let us return to a less acrimonious topic—Charity. Even Georgia Smilax, who is the meanest woman I know, is interested in charity. But what are you grinning about?"

"That's not a grin; it's a sarcastic smile," replied Mr. Jarr. "I want to know why charitable ladies think first of dresses for themselves before they think of clothes for the poor?"

"Because," replied Mrs. Jarr, "charity should begin at home!"

"Let it stay there then," said Mr. Jarr. "Don't forget that middle classes are now the lower classes and that Bertha, the sewing machine girl, can now buy better clothes for herself than she makes for other people!"

FAMOUS WOMEN

Saint Cecilia.

THE lovely creature who looks at us from the canvas of Raphael, the chef d'oeuvre of the Bologna galleries, gives us an infinite horizon. The young saint, the patron of music, is casting down her musical instruments of earth to listen to the heavenly choirs. Cecilia was a Roman lady of noble birth, and lived in the third century. Those were the days of red-blooded moments, of stout faith, of abandonment to love Divine, days of the martyrs! In the Sixth Persecution under Maximinus, Cecilia was left to expire gradually, being but half decapitated. Her love for music had brought down an angel from heaven to listen to her lute. Poets have taken her for their theme; Dryden, Pope, Addison.

Anne Hathaway.

IS there a question on God's round earth more interesting than the following: "What attracted William Shakespeare to Anne Hathaway?" She was a woman ten years his senior. He married her when he was eighteen. She lived in a thatched cottage in the hamlet of Shottery (you may see that cottage to-day).

While his imagination was away among kings and queens and women of rare blossoming, whose bewitchment stilled conscience, whose beauty ruled cautious men, whose nimble wit overthrew the Shylocks of the Middle Ages, Shakespeare chose Anne Hathaway. She bore him two sons and a daughter, and in his will he left her his best bed.